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A quaint but witty old English writer, speaking of dull men who affect to be very grave, says: "They do wisely to counterfeit a reservedness, and keep their chests always locked, not for fear any body should steal treasures from thence, but lest some should look in and see there is nothing in them!"

From Sartain's Union Magazine.

Liberty introducing Science and the Arts to the Genius of America.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES RHOADS.

While yet, unbroken, frowned her ancient woods,
And on, untamed, majestic rolled her flood;
Before the bold Italian dared to urge
His faltering barks to startled nature's verge;
Tired of the petty strife of kings and lords,
Of blood-stained glory won by venal slaves—
Deserting Europe's earth-tied, willing slaves,
Thy spirit, Liberty, o'erleaped the waves,
With bounding step alighted on the strand,
And met the Genius of her chosen land.
"Hail, young America," with joy she cried,
"Thy land shall be my hope, my home, my pride.
Where I myself, there too my children dwell—
Arts, and their sister, Science—guard them well;
Thy mountain peaks do not more proudly rise,
Than shall thy sons before the nation's eyes;
Nor richer treasures in thy hills are stored,
Than shall their heaven-directed thought afford.
Science shall till thy fields, shall read thy skies,
And bid unnumbered votaries arise,
Whose deep researches into Nature's laws
Shall wake the world to wonder and applause.
But not alone in mighty minds shall burn
The fires of truth,—the poorest hind shall learn;
Thy proud, peculiar glory it shall be,
All minds shall flourish where all men are free.
While thus fair Science shall thy land illumine,
And start each flower of knowledge into bloom,
Brown Art shall gather guidance from her lore,
And triumph where he feared to tread before.
Rivers shall leave their beds at his command,
To flow submissive to his leading hand;
The crazy cataract to toil shall bend,
And its vast energies to aid him lend.
The very vapors, ere they melt away,
Shall pause awhile his mandate to obey,
And trained to harness in his iron car,
His burdens bear with rushing speed afar;
Or, bound to service on the ocean wide,
Bear on his ships, unheeding wind or tide.
E'en red-tongued lightnings, curbed with steady hand,
Shall learn to execute his stern command;
Submissive grown, to distant cities bear
His simplest wishes, and record them there.
Meanwhile, to cheer and purify the heart,
The fairer brother shall perform his part;
Wake gentle pity with his flute's soft strains,
'Till man his primal innocence regains;
To mutual love and confidence incite,
'Till all thy sons in harmony unite.
Should War's wild trumpet sound its dread alarm,
His "golden lyre" the patriot soul shall warm,
Each slumbering arm arouse to mighty deed,
And bid each maiden pray, each warrior bleed;
High-souled resolve in every breast inspire,
And even the timid stir with martial fire;
Oppression's power shall falter, tyrants fail,
And bright-eyed peace and heaven-born right prevail.
Then shall remembered deeds of fearful strife

Quicken his painter pencil into life;—

From brow and eye, from bearing still and stern,
Thy youth the hero's sentiment shall learn.
The speaking canvass then shall learn to glow
With every passion given to man below,
From love to pride, in kindred beauty seen,
Like Donna Alda and Evangeline;—
Or give his sculptor chisel taste and tone,
That form and warmth may dwell in blocks of stone.
To loosen then the high-strung mental chords,
The Poet breathes his tender thoughts and words;
With plaintive verses moves the willing heart,
And urges sympathy in tears to start.
Oh, if the angels round the heavenly throne
One thought of earth or earthly feeling own,
It is when human hearts are taught to bleed
At human sufferings and a brother's need.
Thy minstrel's triumphs on all other themes,
Of beauty's fragrance and ambitious dreams,
On all the glories I have shadowed forth,
Time shall display, and thou shalt know their worth."

The Boys and Girls.

Never tell a whole lie, or half a lie, or a quarter of a lie, or any part of a lie. Many boys who know well enough what a sneaking, mean thing it is to tell a lie, will yet twist the truth or deceive a little bit. This is about as bad as a plump falsehood. If a boy does something wrong, either through ignorance, carelessness, or accident—and then tells one-half truth and one-half lie about it—he might almost as well have told the whole untruth. Now see how the spirited, manly, true-hearted, clear-tongued boy will do after an error. He resolutely determines to acknowledge it without being afraid of anybody's anger—to tell it just as it was. I never in my life knew anyone to be injured by telling the truth in this way; but I have seen many a boy, and man too, who were looked upon with contempt, and thought poorly of, because they would tell sneaking lies, or half lies, or quarter lies. The worst sort of untruths—those which are deliberately made up; stories about people, or little stories magnified into big ones—prove the teller of them to be a most worthless, impure, and mean person. The liar is indeed despicable, both to God and good men. On the other hand, nothing is more beautiful than a strictly truth-telling young person; one who never varies from the truth; who is open, candid, and above deceit. To become so, a boy should strive hard, should determine to become so; and he will become so. Besides, it is so easy always to speak the truth; and so very hard to arrange a very plausible falsehood, which even then will, in all likelihood, be found out nineteen times out of twenty.

From the Student.

The Boy that would not learn Geography.

CHARLES, } Studious and punctual scholars.
WILLIAM, }

[Charles and William in the Classroom, drawing, on the blackboard, a Map of the States contiguous to the Gulf of Mexico.]

Charles. What a rich and fertile country these States spread out before us! They are scarcely on their legs yet, and just beginning to go alone, yet what a bustling they make among these winding rivers tributary to old Father Mississippi; all the way from the Rocky Mountains of the West, to the piled up hills of the Appalachian chain on the East. There, like a well-fenced and watered garden, lies its fattening soil, inviting the brightened spade and industrious arm of the hardy and enterprising from all the nations who shall "beat their swords into plowshares," and seek an asylum of prosperity and peace, in a land of plenty and freedom.

William. Yes, Charles, it makes my heart glad to dwell on such a picture. As we turn from scenes of woe and oppression, from which we are happily separated, to the happiness and prosperity of our shores, it calls forth the constant expression of our gratitude to a kind Providence, who has given us a place in so happy and pleasant a region of the earth.

Charles. Think for a moment, William, when this Western and Southern portion of our Land of Liberty, if it continue such, shall be fully peopled and well cultivated. What plentiful stores of wholesome grain and domestic provisions! What almost countless burdens of rice, cotton, sugar, and other necessities, and even luxuries of life, will be borne by the thousand floating arks, and fairy steamboats gliding through the numerous tributaries of the majestic Mississippi!

These the father of rivers will pour by its many mouths into the ocean harbor of the Gulf of Mexico, thence to be distributed to the hungry mouths and waiting hands of the trading nations of the Eastern Hemisphere, and to the world of islands that lie between; also scattered in many a precious crumb among sister States on the eastern side of the Alleghanies.

William. Very true, Charles, for only see coursing from the west the white-capped waves of some of its proudest branches. Here they are; Red, Arkansas, St. Francis, and Missouri rivers. And from the fertile regions beyond the Falls of St. Anthony, comes the deep and rapid St. Peter.

Charles. Yes, and here come the eastern branches—Black, Yazoo, and Ohio, Kaskaskia, and Illinois, Wisconsin and Chippewa.

William. And then the northern and southern branches of the noble Ohio—Wabash, Great and Little Miami, Scioto, Hockhocking, Muskingum, and Alleghany, all from the north. While broad and deep, from the south, flows in, Cumberland, Tennessee, Green, Kentucky, Licking, Big

Sandy, Great and Little Kanawha, and Monongahela.

Charles. And the branches of old Missouri, too, William—Osage and Kansas, Platte and Yellow Stone.

William. Nor is this all; for, besides the ocean stream of Mississippi, we find many other rich rivers emptying their waters into the Gulf of Mexico. Here are Suwanee, Appalachicola, and Perdido, Mobile, Pascagoula and Pearl; Sabine, Trinidad, Brazos, Colorado and Rio Grande. The first two being farthest east, might send us good coffee, indigo, figs, and oranges from the pleasant fields of Florida. Thus the Gulf of Mexico might waft its freighted treasures to supply comforts and luxuries to every land.

Charles. Here, also, are the branches of Appalachicola—

William. Chatahoochee and Flint.

Charles. And the Mobile's branches—

William. Alabama and Tombigbee.

Charles. And Tombigbee's branch, Black Warrior. There stands Montgomery, Alabama's capital, at the head of steam navigation, on the Tuscaloosa river.

William. No, Charles, you are wrong, on Black Warrior.

Charles. Why, it is all the same; you forget, William, that Tuscaloosa is the old Indian name.

William. The more haste the worse speed; it was only a little trip; but I have not forgotten Alabama's branches; for here they are in all the music of their native Indian sounds—Cahawba, Coosa, Tallapoosa,

Charles. Stop, how I like to say that—Cahawba, Coosa, Tallapoosa.

William. Well, that, I believe, is all.

Charles. Hurrah, William I have caught you once more! "Don't you remember what the master said, "Catch the little fish first, and it will make you stronger to catch the big ones;" but you have hooked all the little ones, and let the big spouter go. Columbia river, Columbia river!

William. Now, you are in the breakers of its mouth, near Cape Disappointment on the Pacific Ocean, far enough from the Gulf of Mexico. Do you forget that Columbia, and its branches, Lewis, Clark, and Multnomah, all are rivers west of the Rocky Mountains?

Charles. You are right, William; mine was a big trip, to think of jumping so many rivers over the Rocky Mountains.

William. Rich, rich Gulf of Mexico! on some future day, such treasures will be poured into its bosom! Enough to turn it into gold!

Charles. And more desirable treasures, William, than the silks, spices, and pearls of the once far-famed Persian Gulf. And if some of our little scholars live to be gray-headed, they may

see this gulf "The Golden Horn" of plenty to both sides of this beautiful little planet.

William. But here comes that whistling idler, Joseph Mud Eel, his mother's baby. I wonder she lets him go out, lest he tumble down and scratch his pretty face and hands. She is afraid of breaking him down by hard work, or hard study, and so, dear little fellow, he walks about like Mr. Nobody, knowing nothing and doing nothing. He is certainly astray now, for a schoolhouse is the last place for him. How he hates Geography! Ask him, Charles, if he knows his longitude. (Joseph saunters in, cutting a large stick and whistling.)

Charles. Why, Joseph, I think you are out of your longitude.

Joseph. Well, I don't know, I guess I be; for it wa'n't a very long tune, so I whistled it twice.

Charles. I said you were out of your longitude (speaking loud).

Joseph. No, I thank you, I'm going out of town.

(Joseph, staring round, goes to the blackboard.)

William. What a staring blockhead; he does not understand you yet, Charles.

Charles. What a stupid fellow (he goes and halloos in Joseph's ear). Halloo! Joseph, are you studying Geography?

Joseph. (starting back and running round.) Jog-Jog-Jography! why, how did I get in this place? (he saunters to the stairs.) And I had to climb up stairs, too; why, Charley boy, where am I?

Charles. Why, safe enough, my little Joseph; this is only the Geography classroom; don't you see the picture?

Joseph. Jog-Jog-Jography! O, I shall be crazy! I've jogging enough without that.

William. But won't you stay now, Joseph? Only take a short lesson. Here, take the pointer, and bound Alabama (they hold him and he struggles to get loose).

Joseph. O, let me out, Charley! You know I can't bear that Jog-Jography; it makes me creep all over; it's too much of a jumping study for me. I don't like such variety. Mother says it's too brisk for my nature. It hurts my eyesight to look out the rivers, so she said it was no use to wear out a body's eyes before their time comes. She said I might quit, so I left off right away.

Charles. And there are many other good things too soon left off by Joseph Mud Eel and his mother, much to the loss of both, if they did but know it.

Joseph. I don't know; perhaps there was.

Charles. But, Joseph, you should learn Geography, to tell where places are when you read books and newspapers, or hear people talk; and to know the situation of the land you own ac-

cording to the deed. And you ought to know in what State and county you live; but I do not believe you can tell even where you are, or what you are doing.

Joseph. Yes, I can. Why, I'm just hereabout, and I'm whistling—no, I'm whittling; no, I ain't doing nothing.

Charles. Ain't doing nothing! Poor Grammar!

Joseph. Yes, I thank you. Granny was poorly, but she's a bit better now.

William. He said *poor grammar*, Joseph.

Joseph. O well, that's an old one! I thought he said Grandma; but I was thinking, just then, what I should make out of this big stick. I don't care for Grammar, with your opography, eatamology, and syntax, any more than your Jograhy. It's like hasty pudding without 'lasses—such a sameness; and I never did like any thing that's all alike. Mother said it was just the reason that I was all at once so kind-er low-spirited; so she said I'd better leave it off right away, and so I did; and so much time saved, Billy boy, and I get sooner through my schooling, and no Jograhy.

William. Yes, Joseph, but it is like the Professor's horse, which the mischievous students took through College, in one door and out at the other, and put this diploma on him—D. C., which they interpreted, Dumb Creature. Now, boys that run through their schooling as you have, may not only be entitled to D. C., but B. H. added to it; which you may interpret Block-Head, if you please.

Joseph. But didn't I come back again to learn Book-keeping; and the master said he wouldn't teach me, because I couldn't say the tables, and add the straight lines like the little boys. And do you think I was going away back to say what I learnt at the Madams' schools? Why, Mother said it would clear discourage me, and more 'ticular so, as I had just got rid of the Chicken Pox and the Measels. (*The boys laugh.*)

Now, you need n't laugh so, for I'm sure it left my lungs kind-er delicate; and you know it did always set me a coughing to say that rigmarole Multiplication Table, 9 times 9 are 72, and 3 times 8 are 40 (*coughing*), and that was the only reason I left it off. So Book-keeping or no Book-keeping, Mother said I might as well do it, and strengthen up a while, and take a good quarter's schooling at Mr. Lump's night-school after the holidays, and so I did.

Charles. And so you lumped it, Josey, as they do cheap work.

William. But, Joseph, you could not learn Book-keeping without knowing Arithmetic, could you?

Joseph. Why, I don't know, but did n't I try ever so hard for a whole fortnight, marking and marking; and so much left over, and so much to carry, and I never did know what to do with what

was left over. Sometimes it was dollars, and then it was bushels; sometimes it was turnips, and then it was taters; and I could n't fix it at all. And then I'd set 'most a half an hour counting my fingers, till I got kind-er confounded with thinking so hard; and the master used to say, "Why, Joseph, what makes you twitch your eyes so?" Then the doctor said afterward that one of my eyes was a little crooked, and Mother said 'twas no use at all, to twitch my eyes out of place for a little 'rithmetic.

One day she found a gray spot on my head, and she said it would n't answer at all, to be pressing my young head with them ere deep thoughts, that it would make my face all drawn up into wrinkles, and it was no use, she wa'n't a going to let me grow gray and old before my time.

Charles. Well, nobody can say of you yet Joseph, it is an old head upon young shoulders; neither are they likely to from present prospects; but see, you have gray spots enough on your blue jacket! Take care your mother do n't find them out.

Joseph. That's just it, Charley; for Book-keeping or no Book-keeping, down I went to Uncle Isaac's granary—(*brushing himself*). See, I haven't got the white off yet; but you see, they kept me so busy, it was wonderful; running here, and running there, and it was jog-jog-jog from one end of the land to t'other; to the hay-scales, and to the mill; to Uncle Tommy's and Uncle Jimmy's; to Squire Tompkins' and Squire Lumpkin's; to Deacon Bunnel's and Judge Doolittle's; up Maine street, and down to the crooked lot, till there was no breath in me, and I never had so much jog-jog-jograhy in all my days, and it finally brought on a tickling in my throat. (*Coughs.*)

William. And I suppose Mother thought you'd best quit?

Joseph. Why, yes, that's just it; for, you see, it made my coat so white, and there was no peace at Uncle Isaac's, nor to home neither. There was Dolly Jane Jenkins, when she saw me coming in the front room, would jump like a toad, and screech out, "Take care, my silk dress, with your dusty miller-coat." And then Abby Lucy, when I went home, would be all the time saying, "Mother, I do wish you'd speak to Jo, for he'll spoil my black dress with his dusty miller-coat."

Then I began to lose my appetite, and Mother said she knew it was that nasty dust out of the half-bushel, and it was kind-er cold for me to handle, for Uncle Isaac's had brass hoops to it, and Mother was sure I was going into a galloping consumption. It was no use, and she said I'd better quit; so I bid good bye to Uncle Isaac Jenkins and Dolly Jane, and the big hay-scales, Judge Doolittle and the crooked lot. Now I live to home, and eat twice as much, and I do n't do nothing, I thank you.

Charles. Only, I suppose, looking at your

mother, and Mother looking at you. But just look at the map that William and I have been drawing.

Joseph. Oh! I can't stay another minute, for you see I've got no time to spare, I have a great many steps to take before noon. Mother said she'd have apple dumplings for dinner, and Abby Jane loves 'em so much, I'm afeard I wo'nt git my share; so good bye, Billy boy. (*He goes out whistling and cutting his stick.*)


William. Well, there he goes, poor fellow, to eat dumplings and molasses and do nothing. On the road to losses and crosses; forsaking every thing that is really good, because his mother does not like it, and thinks it dreadful hard he should grow old before his time.

Charles. But William, it will not last always; he will go on wasting the precious years of his youth in idleness till overtaken by manhood, and then he will discover his mistake, and blame his poor irresolute mother for neglecting her duty toward him. Then they will both find it too late to mend the matter, and poor, idle, fickle-minded Joseph, when his broken-hearted mother is gone, will have to go through a friendless world on a rugged journey for the rest of his days, half-shod, half-coatless, and often with half a dinner; and all because working was too brisk for his nature, and thinking too hard; and because he would n't learn Geography.

Charles. Yes, and I've often told him, this half-and-half would bring him to fractions.

William. But let us be thankful, Charles, that we have a better mind, and that our own mothers have more resolution even to urge us on when we are disposed to stop. May they still continue to direct our steps in the right way, and may we always have good sense enough to love our school, obey our parents, become prosperous men, and at some future day to honor our country.

Charles. I am sure that I am thankful, William; but let us hasten home to breakfast, since the schoolroom is all in order, and we will have time enough yet to finish our map before school begins. S. W. S.

He is not the greatest man who, with a giant intellect, can startle the mind as with sudden thunder. The impression left behind is not agreeable and lasting. He who would stir up the soul must have a calm, sympathizing heart. It is  which vibrates through the human heart, leaps into the warm pulses, and urges us on. The breath of true life is thus felt in the heart. Such a writer blends genius with humanity, and is destined to sway multitudes, and urge them on to deeds of mercy and unending glory.

“When I am dead, my soul will return to France, and dwell in the hearts of the French People, like thunder in the clouds of Heaven, and throb with ceaseless life in New Revolutions.”—NAPOLEON.

The right and duty of the State to compel parents to educate their Children.

BY HORACE MANN.

The republic indeed if true to itself, can never allow any of its members to do what will redound to its own injury; and where no parental title can be alleged, the assertion of any right over the labor of children has as little foundation in natural justice or equity, as the tyrant's claim to the toil of his vassals. How can any man, having any claim to the character,—I will not say of a Christian or a philanthropist, but to the vastly lower one of a patriot—use the services of a child in his household, his shop, his office, or his mill, when he knows that he does it at the sacrifice, to say the least, of that child's highest earthly interests? How can any many seek to enlarge his own gains, or to pamper his own luxurious habits, by taking the bread of intellectual and moral life from the children around him?

I can anticipate but one objection more, having the aspect of plausibility. It may be said that, although the school should be kept, for the proposed length of time, by teachers ennobled with all the intellectual and moral attributes contemplated, yet there are persons capable, like brutes, of bringing children into the world, but impervious to those moral considerations which should impel them to train up those children in the way they should go; and that, in regard to this class of parents, some coercive measures will be necessary to secure the attendance of their children at school. I admit this. But is coercion a new idea, in a community where there are houses of correction, and jails, and state-prisons, and the gallows? Surely, bolts and bars granite walls, and strangulating hemp, are strange emblems of the voluntary principle. Massachusetts has, at the present moment, about two thousand persons under lock and key, nineteen-twentieths of whom, had they been blessed with a good Common School education, would, according to the testimony I have adduced, be now useful and exemplary citizens,—building up, instead of tearing down, the fabric of public welfare. With a population of between eight hundred thousand and nine hundred thousand she has at least five thousand police officers and magistrates, armed with power to seize and restrain, and bring to trial and punishment, any transgressors of those laws which she paid many other thousands for enacting. Does she not argue, then, a perversion of intellect, or an obliquity of the moral sense, to contend that a child, for the purpose of being blessed by the influences of a good school, cannot be taken from a parent who is preparing him to become, at least a private, if not an officer, in the great army of malefactors; while it is conceded that, by and by, when this same child becomes a parent, he may then be taken from his children, imprisoned, put to hard labor, or put to death? So far as force is concerned, so far as any supposed invasion

of private rights is concerned, does not the greater contain the less, a thousand times over? If the State can send a sheriff's posse to take a man from his own bed, at midnight, and carry him to jail, to trial, and to execution, does it require a greater extension, or a bolder use of its prerogatives, for the same State to send a moral guard to take a child from the temptations of the street, or from the haunts of wickedness, and bring him within the benign influences of a good school?

Should it be said that, in the case of the adult offender, there has been a forfeiture of civil rights by some overt act of violation; while in the case of the child the violation is prospective only: I reply, that nothing is more common than to arrest and imprison men on probable suspicion merely; nothing is more common than to hold men to bail in sums proportioned to the suspected offense; and, when a man gives proof that he intends to do a wrong, and is only awaiting a favorable opportunity to execute his intention, nothing is more common than to put him under bonds for his good behavior. Every child who is not receiving a good education comes at least within these latter categories. He is an object of violent suspicion. The presumption is strong that he will not make a good citizen; that, in some form or other, he will get his living out of the earnings of his fellowmen, or offend against their welfare. If the commonwealth, then, has a right to imprison an adult, or hold him to bail on suspicion, or to bind him over to keep the peace and be of good behavior; has it not an equal, nay, a superior right, to demand guarantees for the child's appearance upon the stage of manhood, there to answer to the great duties that shall be required of him as a citizen?—and a good education is surely better security than any bailbond that ever was executed. Has not the State a right to bind each child to his good behavior by imparting to him the instruction, and by instilling into his mind the principles of virtue and religion, by which he shall be twicely bound, or doubly fastened (for such is the etymological meaning of the word *religion*), to perform, with intelligence and uprightness, his social and political duties, when he becomes a man?

Fulton's Steamboat.

"When," said Mr. Fulton, "I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenance. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet

"Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building yard, while my boat was in progress, I

have often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers, gathered in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of the Fulton folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest, that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move.

My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear, among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, the boat moved a small distance, and stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitations and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it." I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight misadjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New-York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we described the clustering houses of Albany; we reached the shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted, if it could be done again; or, if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

Such was the history of the first experiment as it fell, not in the very language which I have

used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live indeed to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say, that attempts were made to rob him in the first place of the merits of his invention, and next of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both. When already his invention had covered the waters of the Hudson, he seemed little satisfied with the results, and looked forward to far more extensive operations. "My ultimate triumph," he used to say, "will be on the Mississippi. I know, indeed, that even now it is deemed impossible by many, that the difficulties of its navigation can be overcome. But I am confident of success. I may not live to see it; but the Mississippi will yet be covered by steamboats; and thus an entire change be wrought in the course of the internal navigation and commerce of our country."

North American Review.

Our Country.

BY THE LATE JUDGE STORY.

When we reflect on what has been and what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this republic on all future ages? What vast motives press upon our lofty efforts—what brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm—what solemn warnings demand our vigilance and moderate our confidence.

The old world has already revealed to us in its unsealed looks the beginning and the end of all marvelous struggle in the cause of liberty. Greece! lovely Greece! the land of scholars and the nurse of arms—where sister republics in fair procession chanted the praise of liberty—where is she? For two thousand years the oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of ruthless soldiery! the fragments of her columns and palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishment, and dissensions.

Rome! Republican Rome! whose eagles glared in the rising sun: what and where is she? The eternal city yet remains proud even in her desolations, noble in decline, venerable in the majority of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has traversed the paths worn by the destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of the empire. A mortal disease was upon her before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon, and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the Senate chamber. The Goths and Vandals, and the swarms of the north, completed only what was begun at home. Romans betrayed

Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people paid the tribute money.

And where are the republics of modern times that clustered around modern Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in names. The Alps, indeed look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss in their native fastnesses, but the guaranty of their freedom is their weakness, not their strength. The mountains are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like the avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sink before him. The country, too, is too poor for plunder, and too rough for valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side to check the wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland remains with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors. We stand the latest, and if we fall, probably the last example of self government by the people. We have begun under circumstances of the most auspicious character. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our constitution has never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the world.

Such as we are we have been from the beginning, simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self government and respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and a formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude, we have the choice of many products and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What is more necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has ascended the Andes, and suffused the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the blood of England, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the Lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and moving on toward the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America under such circumstances can betray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription on whose ruin is, "they were, but they are not?" Forbid it my countrymen, forbid it Heaven.

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this soil; by all you hope to be, resist every attempt to fetter your conscience, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring, to teach them as they climb your knees to lean on

your bosom, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with the baptismal vows, to be true to their country and never forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are—whose blood flows in your veins. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death can never come too soon, if necessary, in defense of our country.

Two Scenes in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Nearly seventy-three years ago—it will be exactly seventy-three years next fourth of July—a band of patriots were assembled in what was then called Carpenter's Hall, but now better known as Independence Hall, in the City of Philadelphia. The oldest of the number verged on eighty, and the youngest was not thirty years of age.

Thirteen colonies through their delegates were then in session—and for what purpose? To found a mighty nation, and to show to the world what "men determined to be free" could accomplish. This assemblage was composed of no common materials. Men were there—some tillers of the soil, others from the pulpit, and many from the workshop and the profession of the law; men who had everything to risk in what they undertook, for if unsuccessful, treason was the crime, and the gibbet the reward!

They were not laggards nor sluggards in those days, for Congress met as early as eight o'clock in the morning. John Hancock, the President, took his seat regularly at the hour, and after the rollcall, business commenced.

It was about nine o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, 1776, when five men advanced to the chair of the President and submitted a report.

The very tall man is Thomas Jefferson; the next person, who makes a few remarks, and every person who inclines his ear to catch their purport—in height not very tall or short, but inclined to corpulency, is John Adams: the old man wiping his spectacles is the great philosopher and patriot, Franklin; the tall man with pleasant Puritanic face is Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, who was in early life a shoemaker; and the last member of the committee—a handsome aristocratic looking gentleman, is Robert R. Livingston, afterward Minister to France, and Chancellor of New York.

These men make their report—it is read—What is it? THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE! Separate from the mother country, to be independent?—"No! No!" some cry. John Dickinson, of Philadelphia, rises and opposes the report of the committee. But see! Jefferson touches Adams on the elbow, and the latter at once takes the floor.

You can here a pin drop. Adams commences speaking. Hark to the tones of his voice! He

grows more and more eloquent, an intense silence prevails; all are anxious to hear every word that falls from the lips of the Massachusetts advocate. Deeply do those words fall upon attentive ears. As Jefferson said in long-after times, John Adams, in his famous speech upon the Declaration, was the Colossus of Independence. He takes his seat amid the murmur of applause—the vote is called—and we are declared forever separate from *Great Britain*.

A few days ago a dead body was resting in the same Hall, surrounded by all the emblems of mourning with which we honor the distinguished dead. That remnant of mortality but a short time before contained a soul endowed with patriotism, distinguished learning, and an unsurpassed love of country.

This body rested on the spot where seventy-two years before, the father of the dead advocated the cause of his country. The thirteen states had grown to thirty, and a mourner from each stood beside the bier of the son. Both had been Presidents of the United States and both died full of years and honors, lamented by all. Why say that *Republics are ungrateful*?

Noah's Messenger.

From the American Messenger.
The Four Words.

"Four little words did me more good when I was a boy, than almost anything else," said a gentleman the other day. "I cannot reckon up all the good they have done; they were the first words that my mother taught me."

"Indeed; what were the four little words?" said I.

He answered me by relating the following story:

"My father grafted a pear tree; it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore but one pear. They were said to be a very nice kind of pear, and my father was quite anxious to see if they came up to the man's promises. This single pear, then, was an object of some concern to my father. He wanted it to become fully ripe; the high winds he hoped would not blow off the pear; and he gave express directions to all the children on no account to touch it. The graft was low, and easily reached by us. It grew finely. 'I think that graft will meet my expectations,' said my father many times to my mother. 'I hope, now, there is some prospect of our having good pears.'"

Every body who came into the garden he took to the graft, and everybody said it will prove to be a most excellent pear."

It began to look very beautiful; it was full and round; a rich red glow was gradually dying its cheeks, and its grain was clear and healthy.

"Is it not almost ripe? I long for a bite," I cried, as I followed father one day down the alley to the pear tree.

"Wait patiently, my child; it will not be fully ripe for a week," said my father.

"I thought I loved pears better than anything else; often I used to stop and look longingly up to this. Oh, how good it looks, I used to think, smacking my lips—I wish it was all mine.

The early apples did not taste as good, the currants were not as relishing, and the damsons I thought nothing of in comparison with this pear. The longer I stopped alone under the pear tree, the greater my longing for it. Oh, I wish I had it, was the selfish thought that gradually got uppermost in my mind.

One night, after we were in bed, my brothers fell asleep long before I did; I tossed about and could not get to sleep. It was a warm, still, summer night; there was no moon; no noise except the hum of numberless insects. My father and my mother were gone away. I put my head out of the window and peeped into the garden—I sniffed pleasant smells. I traced the dark outlines of the trees. I glanced in the direction of the pear tree. The pear tree—then the pear. My mouth was parched; I was thirsty. I thought how good would a juicy pear taste. I was tempted.

A few moments found me creeping down the back stairs, with neither shoes, stockings, or trousers on. The slightest creaking frightened me. I stopped on every stair to listen. Nancy was busy somewhere else, and John had gone to bed. At last I fairly felt my way to the garden door. It was fastened. It seemed to take me ages to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise, and the bolt grated. I got it open, went out and latched it after me. It was good to get out in the cool air. I ran down to the walk. The patting of my feet made no noise on the moist earth. I stopped a moment and looked all around, then turned in the direction of the pear tree. Presently I was beneath its branches.

Father will think the wind has knocked it off, but there was not a breath of air stirring. Father will think somebody has stolen it—some boys came in the night and robbed the garden—he'll never know. I trembled at the thought of what I was about to do. Oh it will taste so good, and father never will know it. He never would think I took it. On tiptoe, with my hand uplifted and my head turned upward, I beheld a star looking down upon me through the leaves. "THOU, GOD, SEEST ME!" I could not help saying over and over again. God seemed on every side. He was looking me through and through. I was afraid to look, and hid my face. It seemed as if father and mother, and all the boys, and everybody in town would take me for a thief. It appeared as though all my conduct had been seen as by the light of day. It was sometime before I dared to move, so vivid was the impression made upon my mind by the awful truth in those four words, "Thou God seest me." I *knew* he saw me.

I hastened from the pear tree; nothing on earth would at that moment have tempted me to touch the pear. With very different feelings did I creep back to bed again. I lay down beside Asa, feeling more like a criminal than anything else. No one in the house had seen me, but oh! it seemed as if everybody knew it, and I should never dare to meet my father's face again. It was a great while before I went to sleep. I heard my parents come home, and I involuntarily hid my face under the sheet. But I could not hide myself from a sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed everywhere, diving into the very depths of my heart. It started a train of influences which, God be praised, I never got over. If I was ever tempted to any secret sin, "Thou God seest me," stared me in the face, and I stood back restrained and awed."

The gentleman finished: his story interested me greatly. I think it will interest many children. I hope it will more than interest them—I hope it will do them much good.

"Thou God seest me." These four little words are from the Bible. Hagar uttered them. She fled in anger from her mistress, Sarah, and went into the wilderness. An angel met her by a fountain of water. The angel bade her return to her mistress, and told her some things in her life, which Hagar thought nobody knew but herself. "Thou God seest me," she exclaimed. Then she knew it was the angel of God, for nobody but He could look into the most secret things.

Children, learn these four small words. Impress them upon your heart. Think of them when you lie down, when you get up, and when you go by the way; when alone, or when with your companions, both at home and abroad, remember, "Thou God seest me."

Taking a right stand.

"The way is, my boy, the way to do is, take your **STAND RIGHT** in the first place."

"And stand by your stand," added Richard.

"Just so!" and the sad expression of grandfather's face for a moment passed away to one of pleased approbation, as he looked down at the yellow-haired boy at his feet. "Just so! you know the little brook yonder," the old man nodded toward it, "you know the brook?"

"Yes sir," answered Richard briskly, jumping on his feet, for he knew the little brook and loved it too; he thought it was a queer question. "Yes, sir, I know the brook, well enough."

"You see how the water runs down?"

"Fast and quick!" exclaimed Richard, going and looking over into the gully.

"Easy enough, don't it! down, down!"

"Yes, sir, it rather go than not; it skips along from stone to stone," and Richard smiled over the brook, "carrying everything along with it; except now and then a great stone stops it."

Grandfather left his bench, and walked up to the brink of the gully.

"You see that rock, there," he pointed to one with his staff.

"Oh yes, that is the great one, that it foams and dashes over so much, maddening and scolding as you know how it does after the rain, grandfather, carrying all the little rocks before it, that one never moves, that rock won't! it won't budge, any how! and I don't believe all the rains in the world can make it;" and Richard looked up very decidedly. Grandfather had heard the children talk about it before, when they used to run and see what changes the rain had made in the gully.

"That rock seems to have taken a stand, don't it Richard?"

"Yes, sir," answered he, looking from the rock up into his grandfather's face, "yes, sir, it's taken a stand, has'n't it!—and won't be moved; taken a stand!" repeated Richard, his eyes glistening as if a new thought had struck him.

"It has, has it not, Richard?" again asked the grandfather.

"Yes sir, it has, I am sure it has, and NOTHING will move it!"

"Just so I want you to stand, my boy—firm as that rock—doing wrong will carry you down, fast and easy, just like the waters, down! down! and if you don't want to be carried down you must take a stand just like that rock—take a stand and KEEP IT;" and grandfather brought his cane firmly down upon the gravel, "if Micah had done so, he would not be where he now is—no—no," and grandfather sighed, "no—no!"

Richard looked down with intense interest upon that rock; "it's taken a stand!" repeated the boy, "just as I must, and if the waters come ever so much, it won't move, so I must take a right stand and keep it;" and he never perhaps watched the boiling scampering brook with such eagerness; as he looked he was almost afraid it would go; no, there it stood, as if it neither heard or felt their gurgling or their pushing.

The Mother's Lesson.

A mother sitting in her parlor, overheard her child, whom her sister was dressing, say repeatedly, "No I don't want to say my prayers."

"Mother," said the child, appearing at the parlor door.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work on the next chair, as the boy ran to her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward—"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind and gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am glad you are well. I am well, too, and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me.

"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and sitting him on her lap, and placed his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine, now—how it goes beating."

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die."

"Should you?"

"Yes. I can't help it beating."

"Who can?"

"God." A silence. "You have a pulse too, which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you—nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked this morning, I thought I'd ask God to take care of me and all of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself."

A long pause ensued; the deep and thoughtful expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask Him yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

Riches and Genius—an Allegory.

BY MRS. MARY S. WHITAKER.

Riches and Genius once started on a journey; but they soon parted company, for Riches rode in a splendid car, and was carried by large and rapid coursers, while Genius walked by the wayside, and often paused to contemplate the skies and earth—with her mountains, rivers, trees, and flowers. Riches had not proceeded far, before he perceived the castle of Pleasure, in a green and sunny meadow. All around and within it was enchanting. The air was soft and balmy, blowing freshly, fraught with odors, and reviving to those on whom it breathed,—the birds sang melodiously—the streams fell with gentle murmurs,—and the fruits were golden. Pleasure, lightly and magnificently arrayed, came smiling forth to meet her guest. Bowing gracefully, she invited him into her luxurious halls, which, wide and lofty, were filled with musicians, dancers, and all who could in any way contribute

to charm away the hours. Her tables, covered with inviting viands, were set in the midst. The mistress, of all things delightful, was herself surpassingly fair. Dimples beautified her delicate cheeks; her silken hair fell, in wreathed tresses, around her marble neck; her eyes had a laughing and sweet expression, blent with a soft dreaminess. Poor Riches, not knowing her to be a coquette, soon became violently enamored,—while she, amused at her power over him, smiled more bewitchingly than ever. Long time he tarried in the abode of Pleasure; but, at length, becoming ill and chancing to groan, she became offended,—told him that Pain was her mortal foe, and that she thought it best for him to leave the castle. Riches obeyed with reluctance, for Pleasure seemed more charming in his eyes when he knew himself obliged to leave her. Being forced, however, to comply with her commands, he ordered his proud chariot, and, melancholy and dispirited, again commenced journeying.

Meantime, Genius pursued his path toward the dwelling of Knowledge—a memorable and wise sage. He paused, it is true, at Pleasure's attractive abode, but, after some consideration, not to halt—knowing Riches to be there, and distrusting the smiles of the siren. Now Riches was gaily dressed, while Genius wore garments that were thread-bare. He was proud and sensitive, in spite of this, and feared Riches would insult him. Continuing on, he arrived at the habitation of Knowledge. The old man rose to receive him. His countenance was dignified, and his bearing noble. Time had shed its snow on his head, and increased instead of diminished his strength and majesty. He led Genius into his well-filled library, and addressed him thus: "Here, O Genius, is food for the mind. I am glad to see thee scorn Pleasure and seek better things, for her voice is deceptive, and she often leads to death. I know that thou wert tempted to her hall—for who is not? but the wisdom of thy choice will appear in the end. The way to renown, O Genius, is before thee! It is steep and thorny; yet he who has conquered the wiles of deceitful Pleasure, evinces greatness of mind,—and thou hast but to persevere in the path I show, to win fame." Genius bowed himself to the earth, assured that the words of the sage were those of truth.

Riches, oppressed with pain—a weary pilgrim—at last died in a wretched hovel, never ceasing to deplore the loss of his beloved Pleasure, though she had proved so false and heartless. Neglected and obscure was his end, and there is no record of his vain life to be found.

Genius climbed the hill of Renown, lived to a good old age, died lamented, and left a name dear to the world. Pity weeps at his urn, Glory unfolds her banner over the place of his repose, and his memory is honored among men.

THE SCHOOL FRIEND.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 1, 1849.

"Education—the Bulwark of Liberty."

M. HAZEN WHITE, EDITOR.

How shall I teach Grammar?—No. 2.

The teacher, having presented to his pupils two classes of words, viz., nouns and adjectives, should introduce a few lessons to familiarize them with these classes. 1st. He may select a suitable piece and request his pupils to point out the nouns and adjectives as they read, or, sentences may be written upon the blackboard for the same purpose. 2d. He may give the class a number of familiar nouns and request them to form sentences, each of which shall include *one* or *more* of the given nouns. 3d. The class may next form sentences without assistance. This is the initiatory step in composition. Pupils who try it are much interested in the exercise. The given words suggest thoughts, and relieve beginners of their greatest difficulty—the want of something to write. Pupils should begin to compose in this simple way, as soon as they commence the grammatical study of language, and pursue a regular course in progressive composition. By a little care, the teacher can select such words as will suggest a short but connected exercise, instead of simple sentences. For example—*Washington, man, Virginia, great, good, general, president, army, United States, father, country.* These words may be too difficult for very young pupils—but they may serve as a model. A judicious teacher will, of course, adapt his lessons to the capacity of his pupils.

After the teacher has, in various ways, so fixed in the minds of his pupils, the general character—the physiognomy, so to speak—of nouns and adjectives, that they can readily recognize them, he may proceed to the consideration of verbs, which should be discussed in a very general manner at first, the object being merely to classify the different parts of speech. In the second course of instruction, each part of speech should be taken up more minutely. The following conversation will illustrate a good method of giving young pupils a general idea of the use and character of the verb.

The hour of instruction having arrived, the teacher addresses his pupils, as follows—

Scholars, you are now ready to learn another class of words. Do you wish to know anything about this class?

Pupils. Yes, sir. Oh, yes. I think it is nothing but *sport* to make up sentences. (The teacher hears from different pupils.)

Teacher. In the first place, I wish to ask you what classes of words we have already formed?

P. Nouns and adjectives.

T. What is a noun?

P. The name of any *thing* which we can *see, hear, smell, taste, feel, or think of.*

T. What is an adjective?

P. A word which describes or qualifies a noun.

T. Very well—now, we will proceed to the next class of words. These words express what a person or thing does, or what *happens* to any person or thing. There are a few more that belong to this class, which I shall inform you about before we finish the lesson. Can you mention any words which express what *we* do, or what *anything* does?

P. *We sing, laugh, play, study, skate, fly kites, make steamboats, spin tops.* The sun *shines.* The sun *gives* light. The sun *warms* the earth.

T. Now can you mention any words that express what *has* happened to a person or thing?

P. We do not understand you.

T. (*Holding up a broken penholder*) What has happened to this penholder?

P. It *has been broken.*

T. Now, can you give me any words that show what has happened to any person or thing?

P. Mr. Clay's son *was killed* in Mexico. The steamboat *was blown up.* My arm *is broken.* Henry's slate *is lost.*

T. You see that two words are used together, in the last sentences. Do you think they belong to the same class as *sing, laugh, play, etc.*?

P. Yes, sir. No, sir.

T. Charles, I heard you say "Yes, sir," why do you think so?

Charles. Because, you told us that those words which express what has happened to any person or thing, belong to the class which we are learning to-day.

T. The definition which I just gave you, will not enable you to distinguish *all* the words that belong to this class, but it was the best that occurred to me. There are a number of words belonging to the class, viz.,—*am, is, are, was, were, has been, have been, shall be,* which you can easily remember. I will write them upon the blackboard. Scholars, you may form sentences, each containing one of these words.

P. Frank is a good boy. Cincinnati is a beautiful city. We *have been* to New York. I *am* well. John *was not* at school yesterday. The book is on the table. You will learn more about these hereafter. All the words which form the third or next class are called *verbs.* They are very important. You cannot communicate your thoughts without them. You may prepare short sentences, each containing a verb, for the next exercise. You will learn more respecting *verbs* at the proper time. It is sufficient for the present that you learn to distinguish the different classes of words. The pupils should be required to select the verbs from given sentences. Then, they may select and classify the *nouns, adjectives, and verbs,* from given and original sentences, before proceeding to the next class of words. When properly conducted, this method of instruction is very spirited and interesting. However, it is only *one* of the different modes of presenting the same subject. Every teacher must judge whether it is suited to his manner of teaching.

The Child's Friend.

The Child's Friend, one of the best periodicals with which we are acquainted, for the young, is published monthly, by L. C. Bowles, Boston, at \$1.50, payable in advance. Mrs. E. L. Follen, its distinguished editor, understands the secret of interesting and instructing children, without writing nonsense. Her periodical, although called the Child's Friend, contains much valuable reading, interesting and useful to persons of any readable age. Each number is embellished by a beautiful engraving. It deserves a wide circulation. We take pleasure in commending it to the attention of our Western friends.

Markham's History of England.

Mrs. Markham's History of England, revised by Miss Robbins, of New York, is a valuable School History—well arranged—written in a simple but dignified style, and well adapted to advanced pupils. It was used by that distinguished teacher, the late Dr. Arnold, Master of the great English School at Rugby. Upon *actual trial* in the schoolroom—the only proper tests of the merits of a school book—we find it an acceptable text book.

For sale by Bradley & Anthony, 113 Main street, Cincinnati

Shattuck's Columbian Drawing Cards.

PUBLISHED BY BRADLEY & ANTHONY, CINCINNATI.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Mr. Shattuck's Drawing Cards have made their appearance. Mr. Shattuck's style of drawing is particularly commendable. Teachers who wish some interesting and useful employment for their pupils, after other lessons are prepared, will do well to procure the Columbian Drawing Cards. One great secret of managing a school is, to furnish enough, of the right kind, for pupils to do. Drawing should be taught in all the public schools. Price, \$2 per dozen packs.

¶ We are under great obligations to Hon. Horace Mann for his twelfth annual report, together with the twelfth annual report of the Massachusetts Board of Education. We are anticipating a rich treat from the Hon. Secretary's report, which we have not had time to examine. We shall give our readers the benefit of some portions, which will be particularly interesting to them.

¶ We return our thanks to our friends who have interested themselves in obtaining subscribers to the School Friend. We hope they will not forget us, but still exert themselves to increase its circulation. We feel particularly obliged to our friend H., of Highland County, O., who made up a club composed of himself and pupils. He intimates that other teachers can do likewise, if they will make the effort. This is a good suggestion, which we trust they will bear in mind, recollecting that, provided they will secure ten paying subscribers, and remit the proper amount, they will receive the eleventh copy of our paper gratis. Girls and boys will generally find something interesting to them in each number of the School Friend.

¶ We have received from M. F. Cowdery, Esq., the first annual report of the Executive Committee of the Ohio State Teachers' Association, for the year 1848, which we shall be happy to notice more fully in our next number.

School Directors.

We regret to hear that the school directors of a certain district in Highland County, have refused the use of the schoolroom after night, to the teacher and his pupils, for the purpose of literary improvement. We trust this will be the only instance of the kind which we shall have occasion to refer to. Let us encourage the young in every proper way to improve themselves. Never make sport of their early and perhaps imperfect attempts to do something for themselves. This is a noble spirit, which should always be fostered. It will be quite time to close the schoolroom when it is likely to be injured, and the pupils derive no benefit from their efforts, assisted by their teacher.

Algebra.

The following communication has been furnished for the "School Friend," by an accomplished teacher in the "Cincinnati Central High School," in which RAY'S ALGEBRA is used.

RAY'S ALGEBRA, PART FIRST; on the Analytic and Inductive Methods of Instruction, with numerous Practical Exercises; designed for Schools and Academies. By Joseph Ray, M. D., Professor of Mathematics in Woodward College. Stereotype Edition. Published by Winthrop B. Smith & Co., No. 58 Main St.

It is but a few months since this book was issued from the press, and although we are acquainted with a dozen other Algebras of similar

pretensions, and no mean value, yet from the examination of no one of them have we risen with so much pleasure and satisfaction, as from the examination of this.

It contains two hundred and forty-three pages. The paper is of superior quality, the type clear and beautiful, and the binding judiciously adapted to withstand the wear of the schoolroom. It is strictly a book of rudiments, and serves only to introduce the student to the more abstruse portions of the subject; but it does this in such an admirable and felicitous manner, as to render it a most valuable assistant to the teacher. It is a comparatively recent thing that the study of Algebra has found its way into the Common Schools; and in the present stage of progress, elementary works of Algebra, concisely written, carefully digested and arranged, are treasures of inestimable value. Too much labor cannot be expended on them, nor too many attempts made to render them perfect.

It commences with seventeen pages of "Intellectual Exercises," intended to familiarize the student, at the outset, with the significance and functions of the strange symbols of Algebra. This is as it should be. The transition from Arithmetic, instead of being abrupt and bewildering, is thus rendered lucid, simple, and complete. The pupil is not compelled to grope in darkness and doubt, but, before he suspects it, is firmly treading that path, along which lie the profoundest regions of mathematical analysis.

It fully sets forth the "Fundamental Rules," "Fractions," and "Equations of the First Degree." It gives a fine introductory exposition of "Powers," "Roots," "Radicals," "Equations of the Second Degree," "Progressions," and "Proportion," and leaves the remainder of the subject for a higher work yet to be written. So far as the author has treated the subject, he has done it with more discrimination, sagacity, and completeness than any other individual with whose similar work we are acquainted. The mysterious influence and changes of the minus sign, that witch's riddle to young Algebraists, are explained more lucidly and satisfactorily than in any other work of the kind. It need no longer be a bugbear to haunt the uneasy pupil. The subject of "Factoring," on which rapidity and skill in Algebraic analysis so much depends, and which is little more than mentioned in other works, has here received its proper share of attention.

In graduating the plan of his work, the author has shown great care and ingenuity, and in its execution, has manifested a familiarity with the wants and difficulties of young students, and a tact in obviating them which has rarely been equaled. The principles are briefly stated, then illustrated and impressed on the mind by a numerous and choice selection of examples. All portions of the work bear ample testimony to the truth of a remark in the preface, that every page was carefully elaborated by many years of toil

in the schoolroom. The statement and illustrations of the principles indicate that the ignorance and misapprehensions of the pupil were met and fathomed by a keen and watchful eye in the teacher, and the proper remedies applied, and that these remedies were tested by repeated trials through a long and systematic course of teaching, and finally recorded for the use of students yet to be.

The book is not perfect, but we consider it a remarkable one, and have no hesitation in assigning it the first rank among elementary Algebras. We deem that thanks are due to the author for his valuable contribution to the cause of education; and, while the immense importance of mathematical study, in imparting strength, precision, and rapidity to the workings of the mind, is recognized, we cannot but hope that the book will have a rapid and extensive circulation.

A TEACHER.

What is Education.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"What is education?" asked a teacher of a class of girls. Young persons, when asked such general questions, do not reply promptly. They have no thoughts on the subject, and therefore have nothing to say, or, their thoughts not being arranged, they are not ready to answer, or, they may be too diffident to answer at all. On this occasion, half the girls were silent, and the rest replied, "I don't know, sir."

"Oblige me, girls, by saying something," urged the teacher. "The word is not Greek—surely you have some ideas about it. What is your notion of education, Mary Bliss?"

"Does it not mean, sir, learning to read and write?" Mary Bliss paused, and the girl next her added, "and cyphering, sir, and grammar, and geography?"

"Yes it means this, and something more. What is your idea of education, Sarah Johnson?"

"I did not suppose education meant much more than the girls have mentioned, sir. Mr. Smith said, at the Lyceum Lecture, that the great mass of the people received their education at the common schools; and the girls have named nearly all that we learn at the common schools?"

"Does not education mean," asked Maria Jarvis "the learning young men get at colleges? I often hear people say of a man that 'he has had an education,' when they mean merely that he has been through college."

"You are right, Maria, in believing this to be a commonly received meaning of the term 'education,' but it means much more, and as it is important to you to have right and fixed ideas on this subject, I earnestly beg you all to give me your attention while I attempt to explain to you its full meaning.

"A great man, Mr. Locke, said, 'that the difference to be found in the manners and abilities of men, is owing more to their education than anything else.' Now, as you are all acquainted with men who have never seen the inside of a college, and yet who are superior in 'manners and abilities' to some others who have passed four of the best years of their lives there, you must conclude that education is not confined to college walls.

"You are born with certain faculties. Whatever tends to develop and improve these, is education. Whatever trains your mental powers, your affections, manners, and habits, is education. Your education is not limited to any period of your life, but is going on as long as you live. Whatever prepares you to be a profitable servant of God, and a faithful disciple of Christ—whatever increases your reverence and love of 'your Maker—all that in scripture is called the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord,' is a part of your religious education.

"Whatever you do to promote your health, to develop and improve the strength and powers of your body, is a part of your physical education.

"What, sir!" interrupted Mary Lewis, "do you mean that running, and jumping rope, and trundling hoops, and clambering over rocks, is a part of education?"

"I certainly do—but why do you laugh, my dear child?"

"Because, sir, I never knew that education meant anything so pleasant as that. I wish my mother could hear you sir; she would let me play more, instead of studying all the time, if she only knew that driving hoop was called education."

The teacher smiled and proceeded—"Whatever calls forth your affections and strengthens them, whatever directs and subdues your passions, whatever cultivates your virtues, and whatever improves your manners, is a part of your moral education."

"Then," said the same lively girl, "that is what my mother means when she says, 'there is a lesson for you Anne' every time any one of the family does any good thing. It seems to me I am educating all the time."

"You are, Anne—the world is your school, and good examples are your very best lessons. Whatever unfolds the faculties of your mind, improves your talents, and augments your stores of knowledge, is a part of your intellectual education.

"Whatever improves your capacity for domestic affairs, or for business of any sort, is a part of your economical education. Now you will perceive, from what I have said, that education is not confined to schools and colleges, but that, as Anne has very well remarked, we are 'educating all the time.' Nor is the conduct of educa-

tion confined to professed teachers; we are educating one another.

"While I am teaching you geography and arithmetic, you are perhaps trying my patience, or by your own patience calling forth my gratitude. If I make progress in these virtues, you are helping on my moral education.

"The knowledge you impart to one another, the kindness you receive, the loves you exchange, are all a part of your education. When you learn to sweep a room, to make a bed, or a cup of tea, a shirt, or a loaf of bread, you are getting on in your education.

"Everything around us, my children, may help forward this great work. The sun, the moon, and the stars teach their sublime lessons.

"Day unto day uttereth knowledge. The seasons make their revelations. The rain and snow, dews and frost, the trees and rocks, fruits and flowers, plants, herbs, the very stones, and grass we tread upon, are full of instruction to those who study them.

"All the events and circumstances of your lives are contributing to your education. Your classmate, Lucy Davis, has been absent from school the last two months. Reflect on what I have been saying to you, and then tell me whether Lucy, during this time, though she has not looked into a schoolbook, has made any progress in her education?"

The girls were silent and thoughtful for a few moments. Maria Jarvis spoke first.

"Lucy's 'economical education,' as you call it, sir," she said, "has been going on, for she has had the care of the family, and everything to do all through her mother's illness."

"And I guess she has been going ahead in her 'moral education,'" interposed little Mary Lewis, "for I never saw anybody so patient as she was with her mother's cross baby."

"And she has not lost this opportunity for improving in her 'religious education,'" resumed the teacher. "You all saw her yesterday at her mother's funeral, subduing the grief of her little sisters by her quiet resignation and affectionate devotion to them. Ah, she has been taking lessons in more important branches of education than are taught in schools.

"So you see, my dear children, that life is a school—a primary school; and that we are all scholars, and are all preparing for a day of examination, when the infallible, all-seeing Judge will decide how we have profited by our means of education."

"Mister, will you lend pa your newspaper? He only wants to send it to my uncle in the country." "Oh, certainly—and ask your pa if he'll just lend me the roof of his house; I only want the shingles to help make the tea kettle boil; and ask him to lend me a kip to help pay the printer."

Common Schools.

The great desideratum of the State, is a more perfect system of Common Schools, and it will contribute more to her permanent prosperity than any other measure that can be adopted. Let some of the States boast, if they will, of their internal improvements; others that the sails of their commerce whiten every sea, and furnish us with the luxuries of every clime. Let some pride themselves upon the amount and character of their manufactures, and the ingenuity of their agricultural interests; but let our great glory be, that we have been foremost in furnishing the mind of a nation; that we have made liberal provision for the education of our youth. While neighboring States are distinguished by valuable facilities for commerce and internal improvements of a varied character, do not our past history and future prospects indicate that eminent success will crown our efforts in cultivating mind?

In no other way can we retain our influence in the councils of the nation, and perpetuate the blessings of religious liberty, but in the elevation of our District Schools, and the general diffusion of knowledge. In this department of labor, New Hampshire may compete with the world. Our climate and scenery are admirably adapted to develop bold, gigantic intellect, sterling integrity, and an indomitable love of freedom. Mountainous countries are universally distinguished for vigor of thought and activity of mind. Our children have been endowed by nature with all the elements of greatness; they are inured to healthy employments, and are invigorated by the mountain breezes.

The noblest intellects of the age, whose brilliant light now enlivens the hemisphere, and excites the admiration of the world, a few years since emitted only a flickering ray in one of our obscure District Schools. And even now in the Common Schools of New Hampshire may be found intellects so vast, so far reaching, that, with appropriate culture, they will call forth the admiration of the nation. Let the District School, located in the verdant valley, or on the rock-ribbed hill, be so improved that it may afford all requisite facilities for the thorough education of our youth, surrounded by so many propitious circumstances, and the State shall become distinguished for the number, as well as the greatness, of her great men. God designs that New England shall be a fountain of moral and intellectual power. By thoroughly educating the rising generation, we may erect the most successful barrier against crime, add the greatest security and dignity to the State, and fill a bright and conspicuous chapter in our future history.

RICHARD S. RUST,

Com'r. Common Schools, N. H.

Vice, soon or late, brings misery.

Pleasures of Science.

"The Pleasures of Science" formed the subject of an interesting lecture delivered by Professor Mapes before the Library Association of Newark, N. J., a short time since. Among the curious and interesting facts stated by the lecturer, the Newark Daily Advertiser notes the following:

If we make a spot on the periphery of a wheel, traveling on a plane, the figure which that spot describes is a cycloid. Now there is no figure in which a body can be moved with so much velocity and such regularity of speed, not even the straight line.

Mathematicians discovered this not many years ago; but Nature's God taught it to the eagle before mathematics were invented; and when the eagle pounces upon his prey, he describes the figure of a cycloid.

There is a form called the "solid of least resistance," which mathematicians studied for many years to discover; and when they had discovered it, they found they had the form of a fish's head!

The human eye has a mirror on which objects are reflected, and a nerve by which these reflections are conveyed to the brain. Now when the eye is too convex, we use glasses to correct the fault. But as birds cannot get them, Providence has given them the power of contracting the eye, of making it more convex, so as to see the specks which float in the atmosphere; and also of flattening the eye to see a great distance. In addition to this, they have a film, which can be suddenly thrown over the eye to protect it; because at the velocity with which they fly, and with the delicate texture of their eye, the least speck of dust would act upon it as a penknife thrust into the human eye. This film in the horse's eye, is called the "haw," or third eyelid, and if you will watch closely, you may see it descend and return with electric velocity.

If you take a pound of iron, and make it into a rod a foot long, what weight it will support? But if it be a hollow rod, it will support a weight many times greater than before. Nature seems to have taken advantage of this also, long before mathematicians had discovered it, and all the bones of animals are hollow. The bones of birds are large, because they must be strong to move their large wings with sufficient velocity; but they must also be light in order to float easily upon the air. Birds also illustrate another fact in natural philosophy. If you take a bag, make it air-tight, and put it into water, it will support a large weight, say a hundred pounds. But twist it, or diminish the air in it, and it will support no such weight. Now birds and fishes have such an airbag.

Mathematicians labored for a long time to find what figure could be used so as to lose no space; and at last found that it was the six-sided figure,

and also that three planes ending in a point formed the strongest roof of floor. The honey-bee discovered the same things a good while ago. Honeycomb is made up of six-sided figures, and the roof is built with three plane surfaces coming to a point.

If a flexible vessel be filled with air, its sides will be almost crushed together by the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere. And if a tube partly filled with fluid, be emptied of its air, the fluid will rise to the top. The bee understands this; and when he comes to the cup of the tall honeysuckle, and finds that he cannot reach the sweet matter at its bottom, he trusts in his body, shuts up the flower, and then exhale, the air, and so possesses himself of the dust and honey of the flower. The feet of flies and of lizards are constructed on a similar principle, and they thus walk with ease on glass or a ceiling.

Plants require the sunlight, and some flowers turn themselves toward the sun as it travels round from east to west. The sunflower does this, and so does a field of clover.

The "Virginia creeper" throws out tendrils in the form of a foot, with five toes; each toe has a large number of hairs or spine, which, entering the small openings of brick or lime, swell or hold out; but when decaying, they shrink and the plant falls off. The Vanilla plant of the West Indies exhibits a similar construction.

The gastric juice, a tasteless, colorless, inodorous fluid, is adapted in different animals to different purposes. In the hyena, and other carnivorous animals, it will not dissolve dead flesh. On the other hand some animals live entirely on vegetables, and their gastric juice will not dissolve animal food.

I will make a remark or two upon plants, and then leave. The plant called the "muscipula" or "flytrap" has a hinged leaf with some sirup and few infinitesimal spines at its bottom. The fly enters for the sirup; his feet as they touch the spines, affect the mechanical arrangement of the leaf, which shuts up and crushes the fly; and his decomposing remains nourish the plant.

The wild pine of the West Indies, which grows on the branches of trees in hot climates, where there is little rain, has a mug which will hold a quart; when the dew falls it is received, a valve closes at the top, and thus prevents evaporation; and the traveler often sustains life by procuring the contents to drink; birds insert their beaks and procure water; and what is not thus consumed supplies nourishment to the tree. The "water withe" and other plants of Jamaica have a similar apparatus.

Love of Teaching.

There is a debt, said Lord Bacon, wisely, which every man owes to his profession.

This debt may, of course, be set down as a debt of honor; but, it is one which is none the more likely to be repudiated, on that account, by

true men. On the contrary for that very reason, it will be acknowledged all the more readily, and its obligation felt to be all the more sacred and imperative. But the sentiment of honor does not alone counsel the acknowledgment and discharge of this debt; it is one whose payment is equally recommended by sheer selfishness and worldly prudence, since the payer is never in the least impoverished thereby, but rather enriched. He pays away mills, and gets dollars in return.

The teacher who does not hold himself bound to do something for his profession, to elevate and dignify it, and thus advance the cause of education, is no true man; he is unwise in the highest and lowest sense of the word, and unworthy of the office he has assumed. Such a teacher is about on a par with the undevout astronomer.

The principal debt which the teacher owes to his profession, and the one which in a manner includes all others, is *Love*.

This obligation is equally binding upon the teacher who enters the profession by free choice, and him who is urged into it by the pressure of necessity, or the force of circumstances, beyond his control. Whatever may have determined his course in the outset, once embarked in the business, a love for it becomes his first duty. An ardent love for one's profession, not merely for any advantage or honor it may confer, but for its own sake, is as indispensable to the highest success in it, as is the vivifying influence of the sun to the perfection of the glories of vegetation. Unless the teacher has this sentiment in his heart, as a living principle, deep-rooted and vigorous, growing and strengthening with his years, no sooner has the natural ardor of youth abated, than he sinks immediately into a cold, heartless formality, and henceforth his labor is only a wearisome drudgery. Love is the universal sweetener of toil, and the teacher stands in peculiar need of cultivating this affection for his business, as the best preparation for the many trials and vexations he must expect to meet with.

No teacher has ever accomplished any great good for the cause of education, without an enthusiastic devotion to his profession. If he would elevate and honor the teacher's vocation, and not sink it into disrepute; if he would know the pleasures of daily cheerfulness, courage, and energy, and not suffer the torments of a worse than Promethean fate; if he would enjoy the noble selfrespect of one zealous in a great cause, and not experience the daily degradation of acting the part of a mere hireling, then he must have this love, this devotion. It stands in the catalogue of the teacher's qualifications for his office, where charity does in that of the Christian graces.

Verily, without it, he is no better than sounding brass. Does the youthful aspirant, just about to assume the responsible duties of the

teacher's office, seek the advice of his elder brother? Here it is—the first, the second, the third injunction,—seek first a *love* for your calling, and all manner of prosperity shall be added thereunto.

This was the secret of the late celebrated Dr. Arnold's success as an instructor. His counsel to a friend about to engage in the business of instruction, is full of practical wisdom.

"The misery of tuition," says he, "seems to me to consist in this, that men enter upon it as a means to some further end; are always impatient for the time when they may lay it aside; whereas, if you enter upon it *heartily*, as your life's business, as a man enters upon any other profession, you are not in danger of grudging every hour you give to it, and thinking of how much privacy and how much society it is robbing you; but you take it as a matter of course, making it your material occupation, and *devote* yourself to it; and then you will find it is full of interest, and keeps life's current fresh and wholesome, by bringing you into such perpetual contact with all the springs of youthful liveliness."

Heartily, that is the word. If you cannot take your *heart* with you to the work of the schoolroom; if, indeed, it does not go before and draw you there, then your absence will be no great loss to your pupils. A frigid, formal, heartless style of teaching is comparatively worthless. The husbandman does not go forth and scatter his seed upon the frosts and snows of winter. He waits for the vernal sun to rise, and the genial showers to descend; he sees that the ground is warmed, and pulverized, and fertilized, and then deposits the precious *germs*, not without a reasonable hope of harvest. Here is a lesson for the teacher. So must his ground be prepared; the youthful mind must be opened and warmed; curiosity must be aroused; a desire for excellence, moral and intellectual, must be kindled; a hungering and thirsting after knowledge must be created. After such preparation, let instruction be given, and it will not be lost; it will take root, and shoot up and bear fruit. Or rather, should I not say, such preparation is the real, prime object of education. But how can this preparation be made? How can the young heart be made to glow with the love of truth, and the mental faculties be stimulated to vigorous, persevering effort? Surely, there is nothing so effectual for these ends as the eloquence of a *heartily*, earnest manner in the teacher. If he would inspire his pupils, he must first get inspired himself. But this hearty zeal, so important an element in the teacher's qualifications; so indispensable to his success, and, consequently, so essential for the elevation of his profession, is not a mere mask to be assumed and laid aside at pleasure. It cannot be counterfeited; it flows only from a living fountain within. That fountain is a sincere *love* for the business of teaching.

Massachusetts Teacher.

Educated Men not necessarily College Graduates.

It is greatly to be desired that we had a more just method of designating educated persons. We call those who have been through some college, and a certain course of Latin, Greek, mathematics, and other sciences, *liberally* educated. And though we use the term as a mere designation of the means or source of education, we yet seem to intend more by it, viz., that none but such can be educated men. The influence of the term, accordingly, is very discouraging to selfeducation. Now the chartered privileges of education, furnished by our colleges, can be more highly valued by no one than by myself. But still it should be understood that an educated man is a MAN ALIVE, no matter whence he comes. The truth is, too, and it may as well be known, that the distinction of a college education, when we speak of the graduates, is often to a great degree factitious. A large share of them are not mentally quickened by their advantages, and they come away from the university mere graduated blocks and dunces by public authority. While on the other hand, many a boy who does not know Latin from Dutch, and has never seen any university but his mother's and the district school, having attained to the distinction of a living soul, is, in the highest sense, educated. Could this, which is the only just view of the case, be once established in the public mind, it would do much to encourage attempts at selfeducation, and would greatly endear the system of common schools.

Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, an humble, conscientious, but industrious boy was to be seen, and it was evident to all that his soul was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him an apprentice on the shoemaker's bench, with a book spread open before him. Next we see him put forth, on foot, to settle in a remote town in this state, and pursue his fortunes there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on their way before him. In a short time he is busied in the post of county surveyor, for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the state. Before he is twenty-five years old, we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an almanac, published in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-qualified lawyer. Now he is found on the bench of the superior court. Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress. There he is made a member of the committee of six to prepare the declaration of independence. He continues a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and is acknowledged to become one of the most useful men and wisest counsellors of the land. At length, having discharged every office with a perfect ability, and honored, in every

sphere, the name of a Christian, he dies regretted and loved by his state and nation. Now this Roger Sherman, I maintain, was an educated man. Do you ask for other examples? I name, then, Washington, who had only a common domestic education. I name Franklin—I name Rittenhouse—I name West—I name Fulton—I name Bowditch—all common-school men, and some of them scarcely that, but yet all *educated men*, because they were MADE ALIVE. Besides these I know not any other seven names of our countrymen that can weigh against them. These are truly American names, and there is the best of reason to believe, that a generous system of public education would produce many such. Let them appear. And if they shall embody so much force, so much real freshness and sinew of character, as to decide for themselves what shall be called an education, or shall even be able to laugh at the dwarfed significance of college learning, I know not that we shall have any reasons for repining.

A Beautiful Duett.

Among the new songs announced in London, we find a beautiful duett (words by Carpenter, music by Glover), founded on the incident in "Dombey & Son," where little Paul talks to his sister Florence of the emotions produced by the sound of the sea.

PAUL.

What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That even amid their playing,
I hear but their low, long song;
Not by the seaside only—
There it sounds wild and free—
But at night, when 't is dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me?

To which Florence replies:

Brother, I hear no singing,
'T is but the rolling wave,
Ever its lone course winging
Over some ocean cave,
'T is but the noise of water,
Darling, against the shore,
And the wind from some bleaker quarter
Mingling with its roar.

Florence and Paul:

No! it is something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone—
The voice of the great Creator
Speaks in that mighty tone.

Aunt Betty tells a story of one of her neighbors, when she lived in the country, who was "meaner than parsely." "Why," says she, whenever he happened to get hold of a half dollar, he would give it such a squeeze that the poor eagle would squeal outright."

ERRATUM.—In "Grammatical Difficulties" (Feb. No. S. F.), for government of infinitive No. 10, read the adverb *how*, instead of the adverb *him*.

ABSTRACT OF THE METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER,

KEPT AT

Woodward College, Cincinnati,

Lat. 39 deg. 6 minutes N.; Long. 84 deg. 27 minutes W.
150 feet above Low Water Mark in the Ohio.

BY JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

January, 1849.

Day of M.	Fair height Thermometer			Baron			Wind.			Weather.	Clearness of Sky.	Rain.
	Min.	Max.	Mean.	Mean height	A. M.	P. M.	Force	A. M.	P. M.			
1	32	42	36.2	29.345	w	west	1	var'ble	1	2		
2	23	29	25.2	.643	n	n	1	do	1	1		
3	20	26	23.2	.482	do	do	1	cloudy	0	0	.92	
4	23	31	26.7	.373	n w	n w	1	do	0	0		
5	22	30	23.8	.620	w	west	1	fair	7	7		
6	16	32	25.7	.593	do	do	1	do	1	0		
7	26	34	30.5	.409	do	do	1	cloudy	0	0		
8	31	37	32.5	.351	s w	s w	1	do	1	0		
9	23	32	26.3	.413	n w	n w	1	var'ble	1	1		
10	21	28	22.7	.662	do	do	1	do	1	1		
11	16	30	23.3	.841	e	e	1	fair	8	8		
12	22	43	26.2	.622	do	do	1	do	1	6	.34	
13	37	43	39.5	.323	s	s	1	cloudy	0	2.00		
14	30	32	32.7	.542	west	w	1	do	1	.78		
15	30	40	33.7	.293	do	do	1	var'ble	3	3		
16	24	34	31.5	.482	do	do	1	cloudy	1	1		
17	30	40	32.0	.425	do	do	2	var'ble	1	1		
18	19	26	21.7	.930	n	n	1	clear	10	10		
19	17	32	28.2	.980	e	e	1	var'ble	5	.15		
20	32	36	34.7	.503	s w	s w	1	cloudy	0	.19		
21	32	35	33.0	.603	west	west	1	do	0	0		
22	29	31	29.0	.742	n w	n w	1	do	1	0		
23	24	34	29.2	.632	west	west	1	var'ble	5	5		
24	27	44	41.8	.393	s w	s w	1	var'ble	2	.34		
25	48	50	53.3	.084	e	e	3	do	0	1.01		
26	33	37	34.5	.403	west	west	2	cloudy	2	2		
27	31	37	33.7	.622	do	do	1	var'ble	1	1		
28	33	43	40.5	.482	do	do	1	cloudy	1	1		
29	44	57	52.0	.245	s w	s w	3	do	3	.30		
30	31	42	35.2	.341	n w	n w	2	do	2	.60		
31	29	34	34.2	.335	n e	n e	2	do	2	.65		

EXPLANATION.—The 1st column contains the day of the month; the 2d the minimum or least height of the thermometer, during the twenty-four hours beginning with the dawn of each day; the 3d the maximum, or greatest height during the same period; the 4th the mean or average temperature of the day, reckoning from sunrise to sunrise; the 5th the mean height of the barometer, corrected for capillarity, and reduced to the temperature of freezing water. In estimating the force of the wind, 0 denotes calm, 1 a gentle breeze, 2 a strong breeze, 3 a light wind, 4 a strong wind, and 5 a storm. In estimating the clearness of the sky, 10 denotes entire clearness, or that which is nearly so, and the other figures, from 0 to 10, the corresponding proportions of clearness. The other columns need no explanation.

SUMMARY—

Least height of Thermometer,	16 deg.
Greatest height of do	60
Monthly range of do	44
Least daily variation of do	2
Greatest daily variation of do	17
Mean temperature of month,	32.3
do do at sunrise,	28.8
do do at 2 P. M.	36.3
Coldest day, January 13th.	
Mean temperature of coldest day,	21.7
Warmest day, January 2th.	
Mean temp. of warmest day,	53.3
Minimum height of Barometer,	29.084 inches
Maximum do do	30.051 do
Range of do do	.967 do
Mean height of do do	29.569 do
No. of days of rain and snow, 12.	
Perpendicular depth of rain, 2.6 inches.	
Perpendicular depth of unmelted snow, 6.48 inches.	

WEATHER.—Clear and fair, 5 days; variable, 10 days—cloudy, 16 days.

WIND.—N. 6 days; N. E. 1 day; E. 3. days; S. 2 days; S. W. 4 days; W. 10 days; N. W. 5 days.

MEMORANDA.—1st and 2d, pleasant and variable; 3d, snowed nearly all the forenoon; 4th, 5th, pleasant winter days; 6th, very fine; 7th, light snow 6 to 8 P. M.; 8th to 13th, variable and dandy; 13th, very wet and gloomy; 14th, heavy rain, night; 15th to 17th, "in-

ble and damp; 18th, cool and clear. Barometer very high—19th, A. M., clear and fair—P. M., hazy and cloudy; rain latter part of the night—20th, pavements glazed—a dismal day—21st and 22d, cloudy and gloomy—23d, variable—24th and 25th, rain—26th, 27th, 28th, cloudy and very damp—29th to 31st, wet, sleet, disagreeable.

OBSERVATIONS.—The mean temperature of this month is a little below the average for the same month during the last fifteen years. The amount of rain is unusually great. The same may be said of the gloomy and cloudy weather, and indeed of the winter generally thus far. On the 19th, the Barometer reached the highest point to which it has attained during the last fourteen years. Indeed, throughout the month it has been unusually high, notwithstanding which, the weather has rarely been so unpleasant.

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I have paid attention to the work of Dr. Cutter, above alluded to, and can cheerfully express my concurrence in the opinion of Professor Adams.

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Pres. Med. College.

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Ordered, That the study of Physiology be forthwith introduced into the schools for girls.

Ordered, That the committee on books be instructed to consider and report what text book ought to be recommended to be used for instruction on Physiology.

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I the subscriber do hereby certify that "Cutter's first book on Anatomy and Physiology for grammar schools," by a vote of the school committee, has been introduced to be used as a text book in the grammar schools of this city.

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